

IN THE MANNER OF RIMBAUD

-- for Michael Graves

Of course you should not presume to ask him again so soon after the first, even before the first has happened! You see how you rush toward everything? Let the moments reveal themselves to you and they, not you, will decide.

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Flashing horses through the pale green of new elm leaves. The grey sky lifting but heavy on your shoulders. The stubborn expectation of delivery.

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Rain. He will not come. The past will have delivered him to you. Someone calls. For an instant a face appears behind the frosted glass. It is only rain.

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Now he approaches. You see him prepare. Without a thought he comes to you, without a thought you wait. Something happens.

MEDITATIONS ON A ROACH CLIP

Purchased from a store run by blacks, owned by ITT, Entertainment Division, selling only jazz and rock records, music instruments, and a wide variety of beautifully crafted implements whose function it is to hold to one's lips a small remnant of a cannabis cigarette. And soft, plump, handmade pillows large enough to lie on side by side.

This particular clip made of old rosary beads in the form of a cross by a retired Jesuit living with his housekeeper at the foot of Mount Rainier. Weight and balance perfect. At the foot of the cross, the roach. Form and function perfectly joined: A work of Art.

-- J. K. Osborne

Seattle WA